For. Hereby vpon the edge of yonder Coppice,
A Stand where you may make the faireſt ſhoote.
Qu. I thanke my beautie, I am faire that ſhoote,
And thereupon thou ſpeak'ſt the faireſt ſhoote.
For. Pardon me Madam, for I meant not ſo.
Qu. What, what? Firſt praiſe me, and then again ſay no.
O ſhort liu'd pride. Not faire? alacke for woe.
For. Yes Madam faire.
Qu. Nay, neuer paint me now,
Where faire is not, praiſe cannot mend the brow.
Here (good my glaſſe) take this for telling true:
Faire paiment for foule words, is more then due.
For. Nothing but faire is that which you inherit.
Qu. See, ſee my beautie will be ſau'd by merit.
O hereſie in faire, fit for theſe dayes,
A giuing hand, though foule, ſhall haue faire praiſe.
But come, the Bow: Now Mercy goes to kill,
And ſhooting well, is then accounted ill:
Thus will I ſaue my credit in the ſhoote,
Not wounding, pittie would not let me do't:
If wounding, then it was to ſhew my skill,
That more for praiſe, then purpoſe meant to kill.
And out of queſtion, ſo it is ſometimes:
Glorie growes guiltie of deteſted crimes,
When for Fames ſake, for prayſe an outward part,
We bend to that the working of the heart.
As I for praiſe alone now ſeeke to ſpill
The poore Deeres blood, that my heart meanes no ill.
Boy. Do not curſt wiues hold that ſelfe-ſouereignties
Onely for praiſe ſake, when they ſtriue to be
Lords o're their Lords?
Qu. Onely for praiſe, and praiſe we may afford,
To any Lady that ſubdues a Lord.

Enter Clowne.

Boy. Here comes a member of the common-wealth.
Clo. God dig-you-den all, pray you which is the head Lady?
Qu. Thou ſhalt know her fellow, by the reſt that haue no heads.
Clo. Which is the greateſt Lady, the higheſt?

Qu.

Qu. The thickeſt, and the talleſt.
Clo. The thickeſt, & the talleſt: it is ſo, truth i
And your waſte Miſtris, were as ſlender as my wit,
One a theſe Maides girdles for your waſte ſhould be
Are not you the chiefe woman? You are the thicke
Qu. What's your will ſir? What's your will?
Clo. I haue a Letter from Mounſier *Berowne*,
To one Lady *Roſaline*.
Qu. O thy letter, thy letter: He's a good friend
Stand a ſide good bearer.
Boyet, you can carue,
Breake vp this Capon.
Boyet. I am bound to ſerue.
This Letter is miſtooke: it importeth none here:
It is writ to *Iaquenetta:*
Qu. We will reade it, I ſweare.
Breake the necke of the Waxe, and euery one giue

Boyet reades.

BY heauen, that thou art faire, is moſt infallible;
Art beauteous, truth it ſelfe that thou art lou
er then faire, beautifull then beauteous, truer the
haue comiſeration on thy heroicall Vaſſall. The
& moſt illuſtrious King *Cophetua* ſet eie vpon th
indubitate Beggar *Zenelophon*: and he it was, tha
ſay, *Veni, vidi, vici*: Which to annothanize in
baſe and obſcure vulgar; *videlicet*, He came, See,
he came one; ſee two; ouercame three: Who c
Why did he come? to ſee. Why did he ſee? to
whom came he? to the Beggar. What ſaw he? th
ouercame he? the Beggar. The concluſion i
whoſe ſide? the Kings: the captiuitie is inricht: On
Beggars. The cataſtrophe is a Nuptiall: on whoſe
no, on both in one, or one in both. I am the Kin
the compariſon) thou the Beggar, for ſo witneſſet
Shall I command thy loue? I may. Shall I enfo
ſould. Shal I entreate thy loue? I will. What, ſhalt
for ragges, roabes: for tittles titles: for thy ſelf
pecting thy reply, I prophane my lips on thy fo
thy picture, and my heart on thy euery part.